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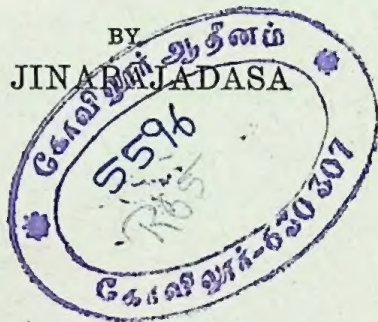
THE FLAME OF YOUTH

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ADDRESSES TO YOUNG PEOPLE

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DEDICATED TO
THE FLAME

IN THE HEARTS

OF ALL

BOYS AND GIRLS

AC1890

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MAKING GOOD

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

Emerson.

THERE was a time, not so many years ago, when boys and girls seemed to be kept in a kind of subjection to their elders. But this state of things is rapidly changing, and probably young people of to-day have more possibilities of self-expression

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than almost at any time in the past. The world to-day is in many ways less rigid in its conventions; and the stuff, mental and moral, out of which the world is made, seems just now softer to mould. Under these unusual conditions, if a youth or maid desires to make a mark in the world, a great deal can be achieved towards that aim.

There are a few ideas which must be kept in mind by any one who "means business". The first of these is a clear picture in the mind of what

one *is*, and of what one wants to *do*.

Most of us are half and half, made up of both selfishness and sacrifice. Therefore we should very early visualise clearly into which half of ourselves we will go, when the tussle comes between duty and pleasure, between good and evil. Of course, all young people, who are interested in high ideals of any kind, have already pledged themselves to the unselfish half in themselves; but that pledge must not be a vague one. It should be worked out into all

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manner of details, and above all applied to the little things of daily life.

It is easy, in a moment of enthusiasm, to say: "I will be noble, cost what it may." But what is important is to underline, for use as a daily maxim, the last four words, *cost what it may*. Many young people are enthusiastic when an ideal of nobility is held up before them; but they hang back when "cost what it may" faces them. If a youth or a maid will emphasise in daily life less the mere glance at the ideal, and more a clear

gaze into this "cost what it may," he or she will finally "make good".

The second point is that, in these days, there is little use for mere "sloppy" enthusiasts. Only experts are wanted. An expert is one who has experience gained through experiment. So each who wants to "make good" must make up his mind early to be an expert, along some line which attracts him. He or she should, even as a boy or a girl, set about to collect the material of experience, with a view to becoming an expert. I

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strongly recommend every boy and girl to keep a "common-place book," in which to write down all those interesting ideas and facts which are found in books read, and which may be useful to him or her to become more of an expert. It is well known that Francis Bacon had many such "common-place books," and his chief book of this kind was called "Promus".

While I have emphasised the actual work to be done by one who wants to "make good," I do not forget of course the power in the ideal. I would

recommend every boy and girl, every morning, either on awakening or before leaving the room, to begin the day by pledging himself or herself to an ideal, either silently or with some little prayer or phrase. I do not think the wording of the prayer matters much; and one prayer is not suitable to all. Each must find the phrase which helps him best to concentrate on the ideal. Nor need the prayer be exactly the same year after year. I think every one who is in earnest will find for himself, in some moment

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of inspiration, some phrase or image which will strengthen his sense of idealism.

Any boy or girl, who means to be noble, will find that many of us elders are ready to help. The future depends largely on the work of the young people, but they must *prove* themselves. They must show that they "mean business," not by mere aspirations, but by continual service, according to the capacities which they have now. Little acts of service, done with a noble grace, are better than just mere

aspirations which will create opportunities for such actions in future lives. Too many lose themselves in mere dreams. It is distinctly better to turn one's back on the things one hopes for in a distant future, in order to do some act of service which is before us here and now. It is only because a noble act was once done in the past that there is an opportunity to do another to-day. Therefore, the assurance that one will "make good" in years to come can only be the result of a series of "making good" *each day*.

NATURE CRAFT IN ANCIENT INDIA

When I look into a glass,
Myself's my only care ;
But I look into a pool
For all the wonders there.

When I look into a glass,
I see a fool ;
But I see a wise man
When I look into a pool.

W. H. Davies.

OUR ancestors observed the life of nature around them far more than we do to-day. They would have made excellent Scouts,

because they were keenly alive to all that was happening round them to animals, to plants, and to the changing conditions of weather. Our ancient books are full of their observations. For instance, we all know how the frogs begin their croaking when the rains come. One of the hymns of the *Rig Veda* describes the frogs. First it tells us how during the dry weather the frogs were silent.

As Brahmans, who a vow fulfil,
The frogs had now a year been
still.

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Then comes a quaint simile,
one indeed that could not be
bettered; what is more true as
a description of the noisy frogs
than this ?

As teachers first call out a word,
Then boys repeat what they have
heard,
Just so the frogs croak out once
more
What other frogs had croaked
before.

Among the many animals
often mentioned we find these:
ox, elephant, monkey, lion, dog,
ass, frog, hare, swan, spider,
and many kinds of birds and
fishes. Some habit of each of

these animals is quoted to describe a quality in man. Have we not looked into old wells and seen frogs there? What do those frogs remind us of?

Th' incurious men at home who
dwell,
And foreign realms, with all their
store
Of various wonders, ne'er explore,
Are simply frogs within a well.

Our ancestors always thought of animal life as being related to us; they did not classify animals, but saw how like us the animals were! Cowards and flatterers are the same, whether

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they are men or animals, and
so it is said :

The men who praise you, bland and
bright,
Before you, rail behind your back,
Are dogs that dread a front attack,
But slink behind your heels to bite.

Do we not sometimes find
people who delight in dirty
things—dirty thoughts, dirty
words, dirty actions, and al-
ways see the bad in people in-
stead of the good ?

The fool who listens day by day
To all that men around him say,
Whate'er is worst drinks in with
greed,
As pigs on garbage love to feed.

But hearing others talk, the wise
The precious choose, the vile despise ;

Just so do swans, with innate tact,
From milk and water, milk extract.

How natural it is for us to
feel resentment at injury, and
want to take revenge ; but how
like the ass it is, all the same,
according to *Mahābhārata*.

The injured man who weakly longs
To pay base slanderers back their
wrongs,

Is like the ass which loves to lie
And roll in ashes dirtily.

The swan's neck is a graceful
thing, and how poetically the
curve of the swan's neck is

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remembered by the Buddhist writer, when he says :

O lovely one ! speak quickly a sweet speech, even as a swan holding up its neck utters gently a sound with a well-arranged and round voice.

Animals are mentioned again and again, especially in teaching about morality, both in Hindu and Buddhist scriptures. We are advised to cast off pride, "as a snake casts off its decayed old skin"; we are to stamp out evil in us "as an elephant does a house of mud". Men who are wasteful when young, and when old grumble, are compared to "old herons on the

banks of a polluted pool with few fish ". Man is compared to "a fish in a shallow pool of water "; in his search for wealth and pleasure he is like "a hare in a net," or "a calf after its mother when longing for milk ". The man of worldly ambitions is compared to "a spider, who, stretching hither and thither its web, is enclosed in it ". We are advised by the Lord Buddha to be free of desires and to be independent and self-reliant, and to "walk alone " like a rhinoceros, like a lion who is fearless, like an

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elephant that wanders alone,
like beasts of prey who prowl
free.

The acute sufferings of men
tossed hither and thither by
temptation are very graphical-
ly described by taking a simile
from elephants fighting each
other. "Like little plants,
where elephants contend, I've
been sore vexed," says a Tamil
saint. Another of his similes
is: "Those warring elephants,
the senses five." How quiver-
ing with pain is this: "Like
worm in midst of ants, by senses
gnawed and troubled sore."

The life of birds is closely observed and commented upon, always with reference to men's habits; thus the showy accomplishments of the hypocrite are compared to birds :

No varied store of sacred texts has
power
To save the man in guile and fraud
expert ;
His lore foresakes him in his final
hour,
As birds, full-fledged, their native
nests desert.

From the life of birds we have composed in the *Rig Veda* a beautiful prayer :

As mother birds their pinions
spread,

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To guard from harm their cowering
brood ;
Do thou, O Lord, most great and
good,
Preserve from all the ills we dread.

And the comparison of the
soul of man to a bird, which
poets all over the world use, is
found in our ancient poets too,
with the addition of another
beautiful simile.

The body—is it not like foam,
The tossing wave an instant crest-
ing ?
In it the spirit, bird-like, resting,
Soon flies to seek another home.

But perhaps nowhere can we
find such an exquisite picture
of the soul's devotion to God as

in this: "My frame before thy fragrant foot is quivering like an open bud." And what poet, one wonders, ever thought of hills in this fashion: "My deeds press round me like clustering hills." Could anything be more true to life than this: "Like climbing plant, with no supporting bough, I wavering hung"?

What an exquisite comparison is this of the bee to a holy man:

As the bee, which harms neither the colour nor the scent of the flower, but having sucked it flies away, so let the Muni walk through a village.

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One very poetical simile is that of clouds to galloping horses, and in a hymn in the *Rig Veda* to Parjanya, God of Rain, the clouds are compared to his scouts.

Like steeds a charioteer has
spurred,
His watery scouts before him fly.

Not only were animals closely observed by our ancestors, and moral lessons drawn from their life, but all other things also in nature, trees and plants and rivers, and natural phenomena were commented upon.

Our ancestors lived largely in villages and were most of them cultivators; the jungle was never far away, and so naturally enough they observed the life of trees and plants. The scent of flowers produced elevating thoughts, and in the *Taittiriya Āranyaka* it is said :

As far and wide the vernal breeze
Sweet odours wafts from blooming
trees,
So, too, the grateful savour speeds
To distant lands of virtuous deeds.

Flowers that are gorgeous to look at but have no scent are taken as a simile by the Lord

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Buddha in a well known verse in
Dhammapada :

Like a pretty flower, of pleasing colour but without scent, are the agreeably spoken but fruitless words of one who does not act accordingly.

Of course the lotus is often and often referred to ; the fact that water rolls off its leaf is compared to the way a pure man is not contaminated by desire or impurity : "Sorrow falls off from him as does the water-drop from the lotus " ; and that the exquisite lotus flower will grow out of mud is compared to the way that out of

difficulty and poverty a man will acquire wisdom and honour. 5596

Among the flowers, the lotus R65 has captured the Indian imagination more than any other flower. Many are the Sanskrit names for it, and many of them have been taken for women's names: Padmā, Padminī (lotus lake). Nalinī, Mrinālinī and Sarojinī (lotus lake). Mālatī, the jasmine, is also a very favourite name. It could be a poet only among the dark-skinned races of South India who would think of the lotus in connection with eyes; but

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if we have seen that rare thing, a blue lotus, and seen too a very dark beautiful Tamil maid, then we can see the reason for the exquisite description. "Whose eyes are dark blue lotus flowers." The lotus has been taken as a token of reverence, in the well known phrase, "the lotus feet of the Teacher".

All kinds of trees are referred to; the complete fall of leaves in some trees is compared to the way a wise man should cast off evil tendencies in him. A great forest tree was called

Vanaspati, "forest king," just as we talk of the lion as the "king" of the animals. The tangled bamboo is taken as an image of the way men are entangled in desires. Here is a graphic simile, within the experience of us all.

Thou mark'st the faults of other
men,
Although as mustard seeds minute.
Thine own escape thy partial ken,
Though in size a Bilva fruit.

And this is another, and what
could be more graphic ?

Of all men him most luckless deem
With thorns of speech who others
tears.

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Even weeds and creepers are brought into philosophy :

'Tis weeds that do damage a field,
'tis ignorance that does damage
mankind,

says the Lord Buddha. One special weed, the *birana*, is mentioned, to illustrate how desire increases sorrow "as does a shower the *birana* grass," and "pull up the weed of lust by the root as one does the *birana* grass". Creepers are taken to describe the way that through carelessness our evil qualities slowly grow. A common experience was the danger of fruit

falling on one's head, as one went through the woods in the early morning, and so we have this :

As from the fall of ripe fruits there is fear in the morning, even so there is always fear from death to men who are born.

The old old lesson of "union is strength " is thus taught from the trees :

The forest tree that stands alone,
Though huge, and strong, and
rooted fast,
Unable long to brave the blast,
By furious gusts is overthrown.

While trees that, growing side by
side,
A mass compact together form,

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Each sheltering each, defy the
storm,
And green from age to age abide.

Honourable behaviour to an
enemy and opponent are taught
from the trees.

That foe repel not with a frown
Who claims thy hospitable aid ;
A tree refuses not its shade
To him who comes to hew it down.

A more poetical simile still is
this from *Subhāshitarnava* :

A hero hates not even the foe
Whose deadly bow is 'gainst him
bent ;
The sandal-tree with fragrant scent
Imbrues the axe which lays it low.

No code of knightly honour
anywhere in the world has ever
surpassed this standard above

laid down by our ancient sages
for our Kshattriyas.

Our ancestors were deeply
impressed by the power of the
storms which swept down at time
of rains; they did not describe
the storms as western poets
might, merely to paint the
power and awe of nature, they
saw always a meaning which
was to make us better and
wiser men.

As trees from river-banks are riven
And swept away, when rains have
swelled
The streams, so men by Time im-
pelled
To action, helpless, on are driven.

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Many similes are taken from floods ; but one taken from time of drought, and applied to the need of the soul for continued Divine Grace, is in these few but striking words : “ Where the great waters fail, the little fishes faint ! ”

Brotherhood and charity are taught from the moon's beams which make no distinction of caste man and outcaste man.

The good extend their loving care
To men, however mean or vile ;
E'en base Chandāla's dwellings
share,
Th' impartial moon's silvery
smile.

Quite a different kind of lesson is taught us from the fire.

By force of will respect command ;
Blaze fiercely like a glowing
brand.

Like smouldering chaff, that only
smokes,

A weakling men's contempt pro-
vokes.

Our forefathers surveyed all nature, and it made them always think of God ; everything in the world was as a book, to make them wise and content and holy. This was what spring taught them—the lesson of mortality.

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The empty beds of rivers fill again ;
Trees, leafless now, renew their
 vernal bloom ;
Returning moons their lustrous
 phase resume ;
But man a second youth expects
 in vain.

It was a scene in nature of
another sort which makes the
lover of God call out :

Call, take me 'midst Thy loving
 ones, Thou crowned
With cassias, home of sweets and
 humming bees !
In 'midst, beneath, above, in all
 contained,
Thou art, my Sire, " like oil with-
 in the seed " !

But our ancestors were not
all ascetics and sad-faced men ;

they were intensely human, as these lines from the *Rig-Veda* will show.

All craving wealth, we each
pursue
By different means, the end in
view,
Like people running after cows,
Which too far off have strayed to
brouse.
The draught-horse seeks an easy
yoke,
The merry dearly love a joke,
Of pretty maidens men are fond,
As thirsty frogs desire a pond.

But while they sought wisdom and holiness first, and happiness afterwards, they looked at *everything* in life, men and animals, trees and clouds,

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the rivers and the lakes and pools. That is what we do not do in these days. Most Indians scarcely note the plants about them and the birds or the tiny insects which swarm everywhere. Our ancestors did ; they looked, they noted, and they thought long, and that is why they became wise.

THE KNIGHTLY IDEAL

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to
sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for) but to
live by law,
Acting the law we live by without
fear;
And because right is right, to
follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Tennyson.

WHILE every great religion is
in essence a gospel of peace,
most of them have nevertheless

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recognised the place in civilisation of the knightly warrior. The names may differ, according to the country or age, *Knight* in England, *Cavaliere* in Italy, *Kshattriya* in India, or *Samurai* in Japan; but the essence of the ideal is the same. In the ideal Knight there are certain marked qualities which may be summed up as follows :

1. *Protection of the Weak.* This virtue cannot of course be practised except by fighting against all that is base and oppressive. In the ruder days of civilisation, the knight stood

for the oppressed against the tyrant, for the weak against the strong, pitting his strong arm against that of the oppressor, meeting force with force. But the knight fights in a *knightly* spirit, and in this lies the difference between him, as the defender of the right, and the oppressor, who is the agent of the wrong.

2. *The Knightly Spirit.* This has been called Chivalry, and words can scarce describe the many qualities implied in the word. But great men and great women everywhere have

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possessed those qualities. The knightly spirit recognises the worth of the opponent, and if he should be base, fights him only after lifting him up, as it were, to one's own level. If the opponent is base and treacherous, the knight cannot be that in retaliation. The aim is not personal victory, or even mere honour, but the victory of the right and the honourable. From this ideal have come the knightly rules of combat. The knight fights, but he does not hate his enemy, for he fights more the wrong and less the wrong-doer.

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In ancient India this ideal is expressed in a beautiful simile :

A hero hates not even the foe
Whose deadly bow is 'gainst him
bent ;
The sandal-tree with fragrant scent
Imbrues the axe which lays it low.

3. *Gentleness.* The knight is fundamentally gentle. Paradoxical as it sounds, the more a man or a woman possesses the true warrior quality, the more gentle he or she is. For women can be "knights" just as well as men ; an ideal is always for all, for both men and women. We owe to the knights of King Arthur's

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Round Table the ideal in England of the *gentleman*. Though the original meaning of this word has now faded into the background, it is there nevertheless, as the *gentleman* who is a "parfit gentil knight". Such a "perfect gentle knight" is fearless in the fight; but away from the "field of honour," he is kindly and considerate, treating all, even the lowest, as his equals.

4. *Spirituality*. The knight is indeed always spiritual. Whatever may be the outer forms and expressions of his

THE KNIGHTLY IDEAL 43

religion, his inner life is intensely religious, because an ideal inspires and upholds him. He who desires to be a knight must always be for God and against the devil, because the knight is an agent of the Divine Plan. In spite of all his limitations, and at all costs to himself, he must stand for God and for God's Plan always. He may or may not pray outwardly, but inwardly he prays always, when contemplating his ideal, and remembering that

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;

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For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

In these days, and specially in the days to come, when warfare shall cease, and men will recognise fighting as against the best interests of civilisation, do we need knightly warriors? They were never so needed as now! Times change, and with it the forms of evil; but the evils are still there. Of a surety we shall abolish the cannon and the rifle; but will that abolish the un-knightly deeds of men? Shall we not have the exploitation of

the weak by the strong, will there not be among us the wild beasts of rapacity and greed, of oppression and injustice? If there are no longer captive maidens in dungeons awaiting their release, are there not the captive hearts of men imprisoned in vice and ignorance and sloth? Are there not as many moral dragons about in our modern civilisation, needing knights for their extermination, as the material dragons which once upon a time harrassed helpless and undefended men?

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Since men are what they are, and the Golden Age is an ideal still to come and not an actuality, we need knights, of both sexes. In greatness and nobility and valour men and women are equal. "Lord" and "lady," in the early significance of these words, meant *loaf-warden* and *loaf-kneader*, that is, the protector and the nourisher of men. Those who work for God's Plan, whether they are men or women, are equal in His sight.

And the knightly ideal shall be one more link to bind the

THE KNIGHTLY IDEAL 47

nations of the world in bonds of a common Humanity and Brotherhood. For when once that ideal is *lived*, the knight, be he man or woman, transcends the narrow bounds of race. Without this ideal, "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But when the ideal is lived, then,

But there is neither East nor West,
border, nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to
face, though they come from the
ends of the earth.

Though they come "from the
ends of the earth," these strong
men, these strong women, greet

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one another as do the ministers of God consecrated into one Church. For such knights, all civilisation is but one field of honour for the doing of knightly deeds while "The King" looks on. God give us knights in every land, men and women true to their faith, loyal to their ideal, fearless yet gentle, growing in the image of Christ, that "first true gentleman that ever breathed," the unseen *King of the Table Round*.

(Written for the Knights, Esquires, Companions and Pages of the Round Table of New Zealand.)

GREAT ACTIONS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Small service is true service while
it lasts ;
Of friends, however humble, scorn
not one ;
The daisy, by the shadow that it
casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop
from the sun.

Wordsworth.

ANY boy or girl, who is at all
wide awake, can find to-day
many splendid people to imitate.
The world is full of heroes ;
there are noble men and women

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working in religion, and in social and national reform on all sides of us, and there is no need to go far to find a person who inspires us. All boys and girls like to look up to and admire someone as a hero, and this imitation of an elder is an excellent way of growing.

The future of the world depends very largely on the boys and girls of to-day; it is they who, to bring about a happier world, must develop in themselves fine qualities. They must give to the world virtues like strength, purity, truth,

gentleness, courage, control of temper, self-reliance, leadership and many others. Every boy and girl should keenly aspire to develop one or more of these qualities.

It is a difficult thing to develop the virtues. But difficult though that be, there is one fact which can help us very greatly, and that is, that the virtues to which we aspire are already really *within* us, and not so much without us as we imagine. Hinduism has always taught as its *Rahasya*, or "Secret," that the life of God is

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not only in the world without, in the mineral, plant, animal and man, but that it is also within, in our own inmost Self. The virtues which we lack exist in reality within ourselves, though they remain deeply buried. What we have to do is either to let them come up from underground, or dig our way down to them.

The work which we have to do, to get at the virtues which are deep down in us, is very much like the work which is done when we try to get at water underground. When a

drought occurs, and crops wither and cattle die, and men and women starve, there is at that very moment plenty of water somewhere deep underground. If we could get at that water, and give it to the plants, the drought would come to an end. Men and animals suffer in times of drought, because they have not yet found a way of getting at the water underground. In many places, the water underground is not at a great depth ; at Adyar, where we are on the banks of a river, we can easily get water at a depth of

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six or ten feet. We can there build large wells, and many of them, without very great cost. But of course there are other places where the water lies much deeper, perhaps fifty to seventy feet. There are also places where we have to go several hundred feet to get at water; in one place in Australia, they have bored an artesian well over two thousand feet in depth.

Now in order to get a large quantity of water, we do not necessarily need a large well; a two-inch pipe, if sunk deep

enough, and at the right place, will give as much water as a large well, because the pipe will touch the water at a great depth, where the water pressure is very high. That pressure at a great depth will send the water in a continuous stream up a small pipe. When once the initial work is done of sinking the pipe, there is no more labour required, for the pipe will flow continually. We see, then how, if we dig deep enough at the right place, we can get plenty of water in a stream which never dries.

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It is exactly the same with regard to our virtues. They are within us, if we can only go deep down enough. Happily for us, we do not need to grow in *all* our virtues at the same time, but only one at a time. So if we can find which among the virtues is the most immediately useful, and concentrate ourselves upon that, then later we can set about in a more leisurely manner to develop the other virtues which we need.

Among all the virtues, the Master of Masters has said that Love is the supreme, for it is

"the fulfilling of the law". Perhaps one reason, why love is supreme among the virtues, is because it nourishes all other virtues, and so enables them to grow. If we can rightly understand the possibilities of this great virtue of love, we shall be able to carve our way into the future, through every failure and obstacle.

In boys and girls, love must express itself most characteristically in acts of service. In young people, whose emotional natures are just beginning to grow, if the virtue of love

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expresses itself in mere sentimentality, in mere "mushiness," their emotion is like water running to waste. If love is to make other virtues to grow, it must express itself steadily in acts of service. Boys and girls must train themselves in constant helpfulness, and they must show that they are helpful *now*, and are not merely dreaming of being helpful later, when they are grown up. A little action done at the right time is a thousandfold more valuable than a great action done years later, when, perhaps,

there are many people to do great actions.

This constant helpfulness must be shown first in the home. Many boys and girls are in the habit of dreaming how some day they will do great things, and they so wrap themselves up in dreams, that often they are more of a burden than a help to those who have charge of them. This must never be the case with a boy or girl who is really trying to build his or her character after any ideal. He or she must constantly do little acts of service first of all *in the*

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home. In the home, the father and the mother, the brothers, the sisters and others have their duties to perform; but often they have to be performed under difficulties. In every difficulty a boy or girl can always help. No doubt the father and mother can do many things by themselves, but the work is easier for them if one of the children will help. There are a thousand and one little acts of service which can always be done in the home, and opportunities to do these should be constantly watched for.

After the home, there are acts of service waiting to be done by every boy and girl in the school, in the playground, in meeting places where the elders gather. There is certainly no place where a boy or girl can go where there is not an opportunity to perform some little act of service.

It is necessary to be *instinctively* aware what is the little act of service which needs doing. There are many good-hearted boys and girls who are doing less than they should, simply because they are waiting to be

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told ; they are not alert enough to see with their own eyes, or to sense with their imaginations. A true boy or girl, who is dreaming of ideals, should cultivate a sixth sense, which is that of being aware of the need for service.

It should be clearly understood that what matters is not the size of the action, but its timeliness. "Done at the right time" should be the highest mark of approval which a boy or girl should look forward to.

If only a boy will train himself in an attitude of constant

helpfulness, he will be training his imagination to be on the lookout for helpful actions, and in this way he will drill his physical body to instant action, when an opportunity occurs. A man or a woman is a great hero to-day only because throughout dozens of lives he or she has constantly done little acts of heroism. The boy or girl who hopes some day to change the nation's, or the world's, destiny, must now be characterised by the ability to sense the need for service, and by the capacity to do it.

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Let but young people thus train themselves in little acts of service, and they will find that the great life of God wells up within them. A great love will be the first among the great virtues to grow rapidly in them, and they will then know what love means, as one of the most powerful forces in life. Then, too, love will water the roots of the other virtues, and one by one, strength, self-reliance, truth, wisdom, gentleness will grow in them as God wants them to grow. For God has a plan of how these virtues should grow

in a boy's or in a girl's character. But He is waiting first to gain the co-operation of the boy or girl, and this can only be done through little acts of service.

You love? That's high as you
shall go;
For 'tis true as Gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
Either in this world or the next.

It has been said that love is a shield of defence; and this is absolutely true, the more we understand love's power. When danger surrounds us, if only we are capable of pure love, then there is an intuition within us directing us what to do. When

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we are utterly alone and comfortless, love, if it is in our natures, will show us where to gain comfort and protection. But while love is indeed the "fulfilling of the law," the first thing towards its fulfilment is a little act of service. Love is the only language capable of describing the nature of God, and its alphabet consists of little acts of service.

Boys and girls have many difficulties in their lives, but they have also many precious privileges. The greatest privilege which they have is, that,

while their physical bodies are young and swift to act, and their imaginations are keen, they can find so many opportunities for little actions, through each of which may shine a great spirit of love.

GLORIOUS DON QUIXOTE

Now pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from that way He ever trod
He ne'er departs.

W. C. Smith.

I HAVE lately been reading two books, to improve my Spanish; the first, *The Adventures of Don Quixote*, and the second, a Spanish translation of *Tom Sawyer, Detective*. I know the latter well in its English original, and so when there were

words in the Spanish translation which I did not know, I knew their meaning by recalling the original.

Needless to say, I enjoyed *Tom Sawyer* immensely; I was thirteen when Bishop Leadbeater introduced me to *Tom Sawyer*, *Huck Finn*, and *Peck's Bad Boy*. But frankly, I did not, at first, enjoy *Don Quixote*. I had read a part of the book as a boy, but it made then no particular impression. This year, as I read it in Spanish, for a long time my impression of it was one of amazement, that

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it should be such a "classic" among all Spanish-speaking peoples.

For here we find Don Quixote as crazy as crazy can be, taking the sails of windmills for giants, shepherds and flocks of sheep for knightly cavalcades, farm girls for princesses, and doing perfectly silly things. Every one knows that he is mad; he has become unbalanced by poring for years over books of knightly adventures, and by living in a world of dreams. There are plenty of mad people in the world, but we are by no manner

of means interested in their doings.

Why then do all people in Spain and the Latin American countries admire him so? Only the other day, in a small town in Mexico, I went to see the local pottery characteristic of the place; and there, among hundreds of things evidently asked for by the public, were several statuettes of Don Quixote—tall, gaunt, with one hose down, a scarecrow, a book in his hand, expounding the ideals of Knight Errantry, an object surely of pity for people of well-balanced

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mind. Why do all Spaniards admire Don Quixote ?

I persisted in reading the book to the end. Slowly I gathered the reason, and it is that though he is utterly out of his mind, nevertheless he is a true "Knight Errant" in every fibre of his being. But what is it to be a Knight Errant ? That Don Quixote himself proclaims again and again. First, the knight must go out into the world "to seek adventures". But then everybody would like adventures ; wherein is Don Quixote different ? He is different,

because of his ideal. He wants nothing for himself, but all for the world. Mad though he is, he lives in the world to put into practice *what Christ taught*.

“For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.”

It is this ideal, applied to the evils of the Middle Ages, which produced Knight Errantry. The Church, with its priesthood and

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its almost illimitable power, was utterly helpless before the brute and the savage in man; it performed stately ceremonies to the glory of God, but was helpless to alleviate the sufferings of men. Above all, the priests were so utterly out of touch with Christ's ideal of loving our neighbour as ourself, that cruelty and oppression, misery and degradation were rampant everywhere, even to the very doors of the church itself.

Then arose Knight Errantry, as a form of Christ's teaching to

be put into practice in the world outside the churches. So King Arthur founded his Round Table; so too Don Quixote, the last of the great Knights, mad though he was, upheld that ideal to the end. Never one instant, even in his craziest moments, does he forget the great Ideal—to forget oneself, to help the oppressed, play utterly fair, and never take advantage of another.

What if we all become mad, and see giants in windmills, and princesses in plebeian girls, and nobility where to outward

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appearance there is only the commonplace and the ugly? At least we shall be putting into practice Christ's Ideal. Let the "common sense" of all around us hold us to be crazy. What matters if, though considered mad, we go out into the world as champions of all who are oppressed, downtrodden and despised. I understand now why Don Quixote is loved among all Spanish-speaking peoples. He is a madman, but he points the way more clearly to Christ's Ideal than do all the Churches which speak in His name.

YOUTH AND THE MASSES

Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still ;
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups with love to fill.

F. R. Havergal.

JUST now, in the world, young men and young women have unusual opportunities to mould the life of their country. In many ways this is the day of youth, because the World-Spirit is reconstructing the world into a new mould. Religions are losing their hold over cultured

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men and women, and particularly over boys and girls as they come to manhood and womanhood. There is a spirit of rebellion abroad everywhere, but there is also an idealism towards reconstruction. This reconstruction of the world must come from the young people of to-day, though those of us who are the elders have done our part to prepare the ground for them to begin their work.

The particular fact which I would like to put before young men and young women is that they can find great inspiration

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for their activities from the masses. Usually youth looks to the finest products of culture like poetry and music in order to gain the inspiration which it needs. Literature and Art are often considered an indication of the movements of the Time-Spirit. But I think a far truer indication is to be found in the thoughts and feelings of the masses. The World-Spirit certainly produces flowers of culture from the classes called "educated," but that same Spirit is all the time working upon the ignorant masses also.

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There is a great inspiration which can be gained by those who care to dedicate themselves to understand the masses. The masses may be ignorant, and in deepest poverty, yet with their ignorance and poverty go seeds of great beauty. The suffering masses are one embodiment of humanity, and wherever there is humanity there is also Divinity latent. Therefore, I would recommend young men and women, who want to become leaders in the world, never to forget the masses.

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We know by experience how a great musical composition inspires us, how looking at a sunset is like a balm on a wound. In exactly the same way, to wander among the masses and to try to comprehend their difficulties, and especially to sympathize with their sufferings, can be an inspiration which leads to great self-discovery.

Though at first sight culture seems to be generated from the educated classes, we must remember that those educated classes are themselves rooted

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in the masses. Therefore, in these times of change, if one finds no inspiration in the culture of to-day, I feel certain that he can always be sure of that inspiration, if he will go with a sense of reverence towards the masses, and aim to be united with their sufferings and their ideals.

THE CROWN OF OLIVE

Come wealth or want, come good
or ill,
Let young and old accept their
part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

W. M. Thackeray.

THE ancient Greeks took an intense delight in all games. They did not play games for "recreation," but because they felt that a perfectly built physical

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body was necessary for the soul to express through it the soul's attributes. Therefore, in all the cities of Greece, athletics were considered as more than just "games" or "sport"; they were as necessary for a good education as grammar or spelling is with us.

They had also an idea about games which we do not have to-day; it was that, somehow, they were pleasing to God. So it happened that, when a youth won the "five events" at the Olympic Games in one year—the Pentathlon: running, leaping,

throwing the quoit, casting the javelin, wrestling—and so received the most covetous prize, the Crown of Olive which made him a famous man in all Greece, he wore that wreath round his head, and went in procession to the temple, and there laid it on the altar of God as his offering.

Of course he won the crown of olive by competing among rivals ; it was a kind of warfare. But it was most honourable warfare, with “rules of the game” so strict that none but a despicable person would ever

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dream of breaking them. The least suspicion of trickery or underhandedness in games was a terrible blemish on the character.

Something of this noble ideal now exists in English athletics, as "sport" is understood in the two great universities of Oxford and Cambridge. I can speak of one of them, Cambridge, and what the ideals of sport there did for me.

In my first year at College, I put my name down for rowing, hoping that my College Boat Club would try me as a

coxswain. I was so trained, and day after day for weeks on end, each afternoon I steered one of the three College "eights" at practice. Then at last, when the time came for selecting two crews for the Inter-Collegiate races, I was chosen as cox of the principal boat, first in the junior or Lent Term races, and two years later in the senior or May Term races.

The first year, "luck" was with me. The crew of which I was the cox happened to be a strong crew, who quickly "got together". And all things

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combining, my crew won day after day at the "Bump Races," and became the "Head" of the Lent Boats. There were grand doings that day. According to tradition, the cox was "chaired" on the bank, *i.e.*, was carried on two men's shoulders, as a symbol of the crew's victory. Then in College that night, there was a Bump Supper, in evening dress but with scarlet blazers, and a Bonfire—all strictly according to tradition, as things are in England.

Each rowing man in the crew was given the oar he rowed with

as a memento; and the cox received his rudder. These things, emblazoned with the College arms, and names of the crew, and which Colleges the crew had "bumped," adorned one's rooms thereafter. My rudder, still with me, bears the names of Colleges which I "bumped"—Jesus I. (*i.e.*, its first boat), Trinity Hall I, and First Trinity I:

But more than this was something grander still; each of the nine members of the crew received a silver medal from the Cambridge University Boat Club itself, the grand University

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Club; it is a medal given to crews who "go head," and to a few other crews and men during the year who win in what are termed "University events". And furthermore, the names of the winning crew were engraved on the grand cup which the University Boat Club allowed the winning College Boat Club to hold for a year.

As it happened curiously, "luck" was still further with me that year. Each year a College boat club gets up what are called "scratch races"; the

names of *all* who volunteer, whether they are good rowers, or bad rowers, or cannot row at all, are mixed together, and drawn for crews by lot. The races that follow are not rowing at all, but they are funny all the same, since each crew is a hopeless mixture of those who can row and who cannot. Of course these scratch races are meant for hilarity, and not for the stern battle of war. But luck put me in two crews, one a "scratch eight," and the other, a "scratch fours," and naturally I was selected in both

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as cox; as I was better at steering than rowing. Both the crews won all the "heats," and the result was the right of each of us to a small "pot" for each event. So that year brought me a University Boat Club medal, a College Boat Club rudder, and two silver "pots" or cups.

All these things are still with me, and the rudder hangs on a wall as I write. And I think far more of my University silver medal and my College rudder than I do of my degree of M.A. And why? For

one thing, it is not without honour that one has been a member of the first crew of the oldest rowing club in the world, the Lady Margaret Boat Club, whose one hundred years' anniversary we celebrated in 1925. And then, there is a deeper reason; it is because of that fuller reason that I narrate these things.

Every student at College, if he is not an utter duffer, gets at least his "pass degree" of B.A. Three years after, he has only to pay about forty pounds to get his M.A. as well. But

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to be chosen a member of a college crew—in rowing, football, cricket, etc.—shows that you have other qualities than brains. And furthermore, if you do not happen to be chosen for one race only, but are chosen by your College to represent it in other races or matches also, that is a sign that the club does not consider you merely for your physical prowess, but regards you as also having the true quality of a sportsman in you.

For to be a sportsman means that you have learnt to think

of the team, and not of yourself. It means, that the club knows that, whether you are selected to represent it, or are "chucked out" of the team at the last moment to make place for a better man, there is no personal bitterness in you towards anybody, however deeply you may be disappointed. It means that you will cheer for the team (where others have the glory you long for) as one of the crowd, just as loyally as you would play for it, had you been chosen as one of the team. It means that, apart from muscle

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or brain, you are a *man*, instinct for fine action, above all possibility of meanness. Of course, in sport, nobody dreams of considering whether you are a rich student or a poor one. The finest democracy I know of is in sport, where millionaire and clerk hobnob on terms of absolute equality.

In English sport especially, everything secret is barred. For instance, it is customary for the captains of two boat clubs, who are rivals for an event, to communicate to each

other the "time" done by each crew in rowing over the course in what is called a "trial," that is, just as they would row in a race. A captain would not necessarily communicate the time, if it happened to be a poor one, to his crew, lest they become discouraged; but he certainly would, when asked, communicate it to the rival captain whose crew might beat his own. And this second captain would not dream of communicating that time to *his* crew. Sometimes it happens in rowing, that some accident

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happens to one crew soon after starting, so that it cannot continue rowing; by the rules, the other crew can "row over" to the winning post and claim the victory. But to do so is "not sport". According to English ideas of sport, the second crew also stops; and later, a time is arranged to row the race over again, with the result, it may be, that the chivalrous crew is hopelessly beaten. But that is "sport". For everything secret, underhand, that savours of unfair advantage, however "legitimate" because not

forbidden by the rules, is barred in sport.

Curiously enough, some men or boys who play can never understand this. I suppose in the old days of chivalry it was just the same, and some knights could not understand what it was to be a "parfit gentil knight," strong but not cruel, just but not tyrannical.

So, nothing can be nobler than the ideal of sport which the two great English Universities represent. Yet there is still lacking in that ideal one factor which the Greeks had.

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It is that thought which shone out when the victor at the games laid his olive wreath on the altar. It is that thought which is in the words of S. James : " Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." It is the same thought which comes in the well-known verses of George Herbert.

All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
That with this tincture, " For
Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

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A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy
laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

“Every good gift and every perfect gift.” But a true sportsman has noble gifts of character; he can be a kind of knight, on the river, on the cricket and football fields. And the wonder of it all is that, as he is the joyous youth or maid playing the game strenuously, then God as the Divine Youth or as the Divine Maid plays through him or her. For God too plays, and through play

teaches us great lessons. Not only under Bodhi Trees in India, or on Mounts in Palestine, does God give us His many gospels of life. He teaches us on the river, and in the playing field, that there is only one mode of living worth the name.

He who so lives may be called the righteous man, or the holy man, or the servant of God. But also, he who has seen the vision of God at play knows that a true sportsman too stands near to God, though he does not pray but plays. For there is a kind of play possible which is not

unto men but unto God. That was why the victor at the games in Greece laid his victor's crown on the altar.



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